

# THE TRI-WEEKLY COMMONWEALTH.

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Counselors and Attorneys at Law,  
LOUISVILLE, KY.

Office on Jefferson Street, opposite Court-House. April 23, 1858—ly.

FRANKLIN GORIN. A. M. GAZLAY.

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# THE COMMONWEALTH.

## THE TWO HOMES.

Two men on their way home, met a street-crossing, and then walked on together. They were neighbors and friends.

"This has been a very hard day," said Mr. Freeman, in a gloomy voice. And as they walked homeward they discouraged each other, and made darker the clouds that obscured their whole horizon.

"Good evening," was at last said hurriedly; and the two men passed into their homes.

Mr. Walcott entered the room where his wife and children were gathered, and without speaking to any one seated himself in a chair, and leaning his head back, closed his eyes. His countenance wore a sad, weary, exhausted look. He had been seated thus for only a few minutes, when his wife said in a fearful voice:

"More trouble again."

"What is the matter now?" asked Mr. Walcott, almost starting.

"John has been sent home from school."

"What?" Mr. Walcott partly rose from his chair.

"He has been suspended for bad conduct."

"Oh, dear!" groaned Mr. Walcott, "where is he?"

"Up in his room; I sent him there as soon as he came home. You'll have to do something with him. He'll be ruined if he goes on in this way. I'm out of heart with him."

Mr. Walcott, excited as much by the manner in which his wife conveyed unpleasant information as by the information itself, started up, under the blind impulse of the moment, and going to the room where John had been sent on coming home from school, punished the boy severely, and this without listening to the explanations which the poor child tried to make him hear.

"Father," said the boy, with forced calmness, after the cruel stripes had ceased: "I wasn't to blame, and if you will go with me to the teacher, I can prove myself innocent."

Mr. Walcott had never known his son to tell an untruth, and the words fell with a rebuke upon his heart.

"Very well, we will see about that," he answered, with forced sternness; and leaving the room he went down stairs, feeling much more uncomfortable than when he went up. Again he seated himself in his large chair, and again leaned back his weary head and closed his heavy eyelids. Sadder was his face than before. As he sat thus, his eldest daughter, in her sixteenth year came and stood by him. She held a paper in her hand.

"Father," he opened his eyes; "here's my quarter's bill. Can't I have the money to take to school with me in the morning?"

"I am afraid not," answered Mr. Walcott, half in despair.

"Nearly all the girls will bring in their money to-morrow, and it mortifies me to be behind the others." The daughter spoke fretfully. Mr. Walcott waved her aside with his hand, and she went off muttering and pouting.

"It is mortifying," said Mrs. Walcott, a little sharply; "and I don't wonder that Helen feels annoyed about it. The bill has to be paid, and I don't see why it may not be done as well first as last."

To this Mr. Walcott made no answer. The words but added another pressure to the heavy burden under which he was already staggering. After a silence of some moments, Mrs. Walcott said:

"The coals are all gone."

"Impossible!" Mr. Walcott raised his head and looked incredulous. "I laid in sixteen tons."

"I can't help it, if there were sixty tons instead of sixteen; they are all gone. The girls had hard work to-day to scrape up enough to keep the fire in."

"There's been a shameful waste somewhere," said Mr. Walcott, with strong emphasis, starting up and moving about the room with a very disturbed manner.

"So you always say, when any thing runs out," answered Mrs. Walcott, rather tartly. "The barrel of flour is gone also, but I suppose you have done your part, with the rest in using it up."

Mr. Walcott returned to his chair, and again seated himself, leaned back his head and closed his eyes as at first. How sad, and weary, and hopeless he felt! The burdens of the day had seemed almost too heavy for him; but he had borne up bravely. To gather strength for a renewed struggle with adverse circumstances, he had come home. Alas! that the process of exhaustion should still go on—that where only strength could be looked for on earth, no strength was given.

When the tea bell was rung, Mr. Walcott made no movement to obey the summons.

"Come to supper," said his wife, coldly.

"Are you not coming to supper?" she called to him as she was leaving the room.

"I don't wish for anything this evening. My head aches very much," he answered.

"In the dumps again," muttered Mrs. Walcott to herself. "It's as much as one's life is worth to ask for money, or to say anything is wanted."

And she kept on her way to the dining-room. When she returned her husband was still sitting where she had left him.

"Shall I bring you a cup of tea?" she asked. "No, I don't wish for anything."

"What's the matter, Mr. Walcott? What do you look so troubled about, as if you hadn't a friend in the world? What have I done to you?"

There was no answer, for there was not a shade of real sympathy in the voice that made the queries, but rather of querulous dissatisfaction. A few moments Mrs. Walcott stood before him, but as he did not seem inclined to answer questions, she turned away from him, and resumed the employment which had been interrupted by the ringing of the tea bell.

The whole evening passed without the occurrence of a single incident that gave a healthful pulsation to the sick heart of Mr. Walcott. No thoughtful kindness was manifested by any member of the family; but on the contrary, a narrow regard for self, and a looking to him only that he might supply the means of self gratification.

No wonder, from the pressure which was on him, that Mr. Walcott felt utterly disengaged. He retired early, and sought to find that relief from mental disquietude in sleep which he had vainly hoped for in the bosom of his family. But the whole night passed in broken slumber and disturbing dreams. From the cheerless morning meal, at which he was reminded of the quarter's bill that must be paid, of the coals and flour that were out, and of the necessity of supplying Mrs. Walcott's empurpled purse, he went forth to meet the difficulties of another day, faint at heart, almost hopeless of success. A confident spirit, sustained by home affections, would have carried him through; but unsupported as he was, the burden was too heavy for him, and he sank under it. The day that opened so unpropitiously closed upon him a ruined man;

Let us look in for a few moments upon Mr. Freeman, a friend and neighbor of Mr. Walcott. He, also, had come home weary, dispirited and almost sick. The trials of the day had been unusually severe, and when he looked anxiously forward to scan the future, not even a gleam of light was seen along the black horizon.

As he stepped across the threshold of his dwelling, a pang shot through his heart, for the thought came: "How slight the present hold upon these comforts!" Not for himself, but for his wife and children was the pain.

"Father's come!" cried a glad little voice on the stairs, the moment his footfall sounded in the passage; then quick, patterning feet were heard—and then a tiny form was springing into his arms. Before reaching the sitting room above, Alice, the eldest daughter, was by his side, her arm drawn fondly within his, and her loving eyes lifted to his face.

"Are you not late, dear?" It was the gentle voice of Mrs. Freeman.

Mr. Freeman could not trust himself to answer. He was too deeply troubled in spirit to assume at the moment a cheerful tone, and he had no wish to sadden the hearts that loved him, by letting the depression from which he was suffering become too clearly apparent. But the eyes of Mrs. Freeman saw quickly below the surface.

"Are you not well, Robert?" she inquired tenderly, as she drew his large arm-chair toward the center of the room.

"A little headache," he answered, with a slight smile.

Scarcely was Mr. Freeman seated ere a pair of hands was busy with each foot, removing garter and shoe, and supplying their place with a soft slipper. There was not one in the house who did not feel happier for his return, nor one who did not seek to render him some kind of service.

"Good evening," was at last said hurriedly; and the two men passed into their homes.

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## How "George" became a Teetotaler.

A short time since, a young man living in Ogdensburg, N. Y., whose name we shall call George, took to drinking rather more than usual, and some of his friends endeavored to cure him. One day, when he was in rather a loose condition, they got him in a room, and commenced conversing about *delirium tremens*, directing all their remarks to him, and telling him what fearful objects, such as snakes and rats, were always seen by the victims of this horrible disease.—When the conversation had waxed high on this theme, one of the number stepped out of the room, and from a trap which was at hand let a large rat into the room. None of his friends appeared to see it, but the young man who was to be the victim seized a chair and hurled it at the rat, completely using up the piece of furniture in the operation. Another chair shared the same fate, when his friends seized him, and with terror depicted on their faces, demanded to know what was the matter.

"Why, don't you see that cursed big rat?" said he pointing to the animal, which, after the manner of rats, was making his way round the room, and close to their faces.

They all saw it, but all replied that they didn't see it—"there was no rat."

"But there is!" said he, as another chair went to pieces in an ineffectual attempt to crush the notorious vermin.

At this moment they again seized him, and a terrific scuffle threw him down on the floor, and with terror in their faces screamed—

"Charley! run for a doctor!"

Charley started for the door, when George desired to be informed "what the devil was up."

"Up!" said they, "why, you've got the *delirium tremens*!"

Charley opened the door to go out, when George raised himself on his elbow, and said, "Charley, where are you going?"

"Going," said Charley, "going for a doctor."

"Going for a doctor?" rejoined George; "for what?"

"For what?" repeated Charley, "why, you've got the *delirium tremens*!"

Charley raised himself on his elbow, and said, "George, where are you going?"

"Going," said Charley, "going for a doctor."

"Going for a doctor?" rejoined George; "for what?"

"For what?" repeated Charley, "why, you've got the *delirium tremens*!"

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